Strange NEWS
FROM
Stratton in Cornwal:
OR,
A True Relation of a cruel Bloody Murther commited by one *J. R.*
UPON
His Own FATHER,
for Lucre of enjoying his Estate; who (after he had Committed the Fact, and laid the Knife in the Bed wherein his Father lay) called in several Neighbours to witness that his Father had Murthered himself; but upon search, his Shirt and Breast were found besprinkled with his Fathers Blood; upon which search he fell in a Swound, and after his Recovery Confest the Fact, and is now in Goal

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Written by one William Reddish, *who was in* Stratton *at the same time when the Murther was Committed: And written since in a Letter to Mr.* Pearce Manaton *in* Windmill-Court *in the* Butcherrow *near* Temple-Barr, *by his Brother, living within half a Mile of the said Town.*

With Allowance.

Printed for I. Coniers, at the Sign of the Raven in *Duck-Lane.*

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17 NOV 1936

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Printed for I. Coniers, at the Sign of the Raven in Duck-Lane.

Strange News From

Stratton in Cornvval.

OR;

A True Relation of a Cruel, Bloody Murther, Committed by one J. R. *upon his own Father.*

IT *is very remarkable that amongst all capital crying sins, the sin of Murther very seldome, or never goes unpunished: notwithstanding the Patience and long-suffering of God against many prophain and presumptious despisers of his ways and truth; yet particularly herein he seems to shew forth his Justice in all Ages to the shameful downfall and destruction of such as are found*

guilty of this deteſtable monſtrous ſin even in this life, and they leave the memory of their names as odious as their ſavage cruel practices have been in their life time.

This ſhort Story affords you as true a Relation of as inhumane a Murther, as any this age hath afforded, or any future can parallel, which was as followeth.

THe murthered perſon, by name *William Roſs*, was a very aged man, but his Wife was ſome years younger, they had but one onely Son (the cruel actor of this bloody Tragedy) neither ever had they any more *children* then he; they had about 16 or 18 pounds *per an.* in land, & 'twas thought the provident old Man had money by him: this his ſon he had bred a Schollar, more then uſually men of his degree do in the Countrey, and had thoughts to have plac'd him in ſome way whereby he might be a comfort to him in his old age, but proving of a more ſtubborn nature, his deſigns were fruſtrated, and he reſolv'd his Son ſhould live with him, during the remainder of his life, which by the courſe of nature could not be long; but this bloody inhumane wretch not ſatisfied with this way of living, giving his will to much indulgence after youthful

youthful extravagancies; and thinking the time too long till he had the full poſſeſſion and ſole diſpoſal of all himſelf.

He takes the opportunity (which by all probabillity had been long hatching in his helliſh brain) of a very fit time for his cruel deſign: (if without ſin one may call any time fit for ſuch barbarous cruelty) his Mother being called out to the labour of one of her Neighbours, being on the 27*th.* of *March*, laſt at night, leaving none in the houſe but her aged Husband and her Son; About three of the clock in the morning he takes a great ſharp Knife, which was his Fathers own knife, and goes with as much priviſie as poſſible he could to his Fathers bed-ſide, and therewith cut his Throat, croſs the Wind-pipe, and cut ſo deep that at one ſtroak he cut the Pipe almoſt through, and holds him down in the bed until he left him uncapable of moving; and then laid the Knife by his Father in the bed, and about five a clock he ran out like a diſtracted man (it being his cuſtom to riſe early and go abroad into the fields) to call in the neighbours, not onely where his Mother was, but ſeveral others, crying aloud as he went, *My Father hath kill'd himſelf, My Father hath kill'd himſelf*: upon which, neighbours

bours crouding in, found the poor old man weltering in his own blood in the bead, which amazed all ſpectators, knowing him to be a civil honeſt man, and a good liver; then this vile wretch endeavoured to lay it upon his Mother, that it muſt be done by her before ſhe went out; but all to little effect, for the Neighbours had ſtill more charitable thoughts for her then for him: and amongſt the reſt, a Merchant in *Stratton* being preſent, deſired that he might be examined, who ſtood peremtorily, affirming that his Father was dead before he roſe from his own bed, and as he came through his Fathers Room, he ſaw blood upon the Sheets, and about his neck, but could not have the heart to lift up the ſheets to ſee where the wound was, but immediately ran forth to call the neighbours, &c.

But ſays the Merchant Mr. B. Neighbour, not that we do miſtruſt that you are concerned in the Fact, but for our own ſatisfaction pray let us ſee your Shirt and Arms, for your hands ſeem to be clean, and we do heartily wiſh they may be ſo in reallity, and your heart too in this matter; upon which his colour chang'd, which bread more ſuſpition amongſt them, and unbuttoning himſelf, they found not onely his ſhirt,

but

but his breaſt all beſprinkled with his Fathers blood : How now, quoth the Merchant, thou cruel Monſter, what ſay you now ? upon which he fell down in a ſwound and ſo continued for above an hour, and after his recovery he confeſſed the whole Fact, and was immediately committed to Goal where he is to remain untill the next Aſſizes.

I desire that this and other precedent examples of the like nature, which are too too common in our ears in this wicked age, might at least be a warning to all, especially to Young men that are too apt to let their mind Rove after great things, and think they they may commit any Enormity to attain to their desired ends, but many times it proves bitterness to them in the end; For a little well gotten is worth a Lordship of Land with a Curse.

FINIS.